Joseph Richardson
Newcastle 6th Month 21st 1808

THE

SAILOR;

A POEM.

DESCRIPTION OF HIS GOING TO SEA,

And through various Scenes of Life,

BEING SHIPWRECK'D:

TAKEN PRISONER:

And afterwards ſafely returning to his Family, who had not heard of him for ſeveral Years:

WITH OBSERVATIONS ON THE

TOWN OF LIVERPOOL.

BY EDWARD ANDERSON,
Many Years Maſter of the Jemima, in the Liſbon Trade.

While ſafe at home you landſmen keep,
Remember thoſe who plow the deep,
And leave their friends and eaſe;
We ſocial pleaſures muſt not ſhare,
Watching at night, the ſhip's our care
To guide acroſs the ſeas.

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M. Angus and Son, Printers, Side, Newcaſtle.

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THE SAILOR,

A POEM.

YE Muſes ſmile upon a Britiſh tar,
Plain truth his only plea, his leading ſtar:
His verſe is low, but ſimple, without art,
He offers a rough hand with all his heart.
Since love is often ſlighted, tho' ſincere,
He is well paid if you but drop a tear.
When homeward bound we croſs the raging ſeas,
With a fair wind, a fine and pleaſant breeze,
Below the horizon as on we ſteer,
We ſee the leſs'ning mountains diſappear;
The gale increaſes, foaming billows riſe,
The ſcud flies ſwift acroſs the low'ring ſkies,
Altho' we trembling ſtand at every blaſt,
High ſeas ariſe, yet glad to move ſo faſt;
For, as the gale increaſes more and more,
It wafts us quicker to our native ſhore,
This cheers us in the dark and ſtormy night,
When neither moon nor ſtars do give us light;
Then in our minds pleaſing reflections riſe,
And thought of friends their abſence oft ſupplies;
A ſailor thinks on home when blowing hard,
When reefing topſails out upon the yard,
His hands benumb'd, his feet both wet and cold,
The ſhip ſhe rolls, he ſcarce can keep his hold,
He thinks on her he loves 'bove worldly pelf,
And feels for her as much as for himſelf;
His loving wife, the kindneſs ſhe has ſhewn,
Thinks on her woes, but ſmiles upon his own;
When the ſhip's leaky, or near a lee ſhore,
He works the pump, exerts himſelf the more;
When overboard, this ſtirs him up to ſwim,
When he reflects what ſhe muſt feel for him.

Ye ſailors' wives, be always kind and true,
Think on the hardſhips they ſuſtain for you,
Through winds and ſtorms, extremes of cold and heat,
Nor grudge the toil, your welcome ſmiles to meet;
And you, whoſe ſweethearts are upon the main,
Be true to them till they come home again:
Diſdain them not when they come poor and low.
This is a fact which many people know,—
Oft in a common ſailor's heart and mind,
Dwell ſocial virtues of no common kind;
Sometimes by friends or fortune caſt afloat,
They are content when ſcarcely worth a groat;
But ſcorn by mean ſervility to pleaſe,
Or riſe by ſteps ſo ſcandalous as theſe:
Low in the world, ſtill they deſpiſe its arts,
Tho' nothing elſe be left but honeſt hearts.
Ye landſmen liſten to the tale I tell,
And ſailors you can underſtand it well.
Tho' I but little education had,
The muſes often charm'd me when a lad:
Brought up a ſhepherd, tho' a farmer's ſon,
My clothing then it moſtly was home-ſpun,
My ſtockings did my mother's taſte diſplay,
Black and white wool ſhe mixt to make them grey,
My ſhirt of hemp ſo coarſe, now, I am clear,
Many tho' poor would be aſham'd to wear:
But then the richeſt woman in the town,
Would go to church in linſey-woolſey gown:
They did not bear the ruſtic name in vain,
Unpoliſh'd nature had her ample reign;
But hardy, healthy, clean, and neat, and ſpruce,
Content to dine upon their home produce.
On Yorkſhire Wolds we moſtly barley eat,
For then they grew but very little wheat:

We liv'd on barley bread and barley pies,
And oats and peas the want of wheat ſupplies:
Bred on coarſe fare, this has done me no harm,
My clothes were good enough to keep me warm.
I little thought that I ſhould plough the deep,
When in Broachdale I kept my father's ſheep;
There I a ſhepherd's hut and garden had:
There my ambition center'd when a lad:
With dog, and bag, and bottle by my ſide,
A ſhepherd's frock was then my utmoſt pride,
I knew no care but for my father's flock,
Oft watchful ey'd my ſhadow for a clock:
As round my ſheep did feed and lambs did play,
With pleaſure then I ſpent the ſummer's day;
This my diverſion—ſitting on the ground,
Viewing the different inſects creep around,
The graſshopper and butterfly to ſee,
The buſy ant and the induſtrious bee:
Obſerv'd the ſpider buſy catching flies,
And liſtened when I ſaw the ſky-lark riſe:
There blooming trees in large plantations grow,
And fields of corn a pleaſing proſpect ſhew,
The ſwarth with daiſies, whins with bloſſoms crown'd,
Juſt like a flowery carpet ſpread around.
Oft baſking in the ſun I took a nod,
The ground my bed, my head upon a ſod;
My faithful dog he did not go to ſleep,
But kept a watch both over me and ſheep.
We wiſdom may from ſimple nature gain,
Tho' theſe are little things which I explain,
I feel ſuperior to the critic's ſneer,
And while I ſpeak the truth, I have no fear.
What pity fill'd my heart, o'erflow'd my eye—
My father doom'd my fav'rite lamb to die:

Commanded me to lift the fatal knife,
But I refus'd, I could not take its life:
When young, a pet, I fed it on my knee,
And when grown up, it often follow'd me;
When I came home oft met me at the ſtyle,
And as I paſs'd, play'd round me all the while;
So fond it lay all night at the back gate,
Ready to welcome me early and late:
But I could not prevent the cruel deed,
I wept to ſee this harmleſs creature bleed:
My father ſmil'd, and ſaid, For ſhame to cry,
At harveſt-home the fatteſt lamb muſt die.
I thought this hard, but this was not the worſt,
For ſoon my pleaſing proſpects all were croſt:
When fourteen ſheep all died in one week,
My hopes were blaſted, I'd a trade to ſeek:
Brought in the fields the avarage to eat,
One froſty morn, they got unwholeſome meat:
They took blackwater, then their death was ſure,
For this diſorder none can find a cure.
My parents ſaid I ſhould tend ſheep no more,
They never ſo unlucky were before:
But ſtill a ſhepherd's life I moſt admir'd,
I went to hirings but could not get hir'd;
Without my father's leave I try'd in vain,
I muſt come home to huſbandry again:
My father ſaid, Now why ſhould you deſpair,
I'll let you go to market and to fair,
On a good horſe a hunting you ſhall go,
And when you money want then let me know.
Tho' to all theſe, and many feaſts I went,
I danc'd and ſung, but yet was not content:
A younger brother had left off the plough,
And he was learning navigation too;

As he was better temper'd far than me,
My mother ſaid I ought to go to ſea:
One night in anger Henry let me know,
It was on my account that he muſt go;
When you were ſhepherd, all things pleaſant went,
But now that you have got the management,
My home it is no pleaſure to me now,
This is the cauſe, I can't ſubmit to you.
I could not reſt, this thought ſtill follow'd me,
If he got drown'd, I ſhould unhappy be:
I ſtaid three days; at nights I could not ſleep,
So I was forc'd to go and plow the deep.
I've been a ſhepherd ſince I croſs'd the main,
And many fine wool'd ſheep brought home from Spain:
Some of them were for men of higheſt ranks,
Both for the king, and for Sir Joſeph Banks;
All means theytry to mend the Engliſh ſtock;
I ſent ſome home amongſt my father's flock.
From all my fond connections doom'd to part,
To leave them then it almoſt broke my heart.
On Wandle Hill I view'd the diſtant deep,
Look'd back and wept, and ſtopt again to weep:
The port of Scarbro' is well known to me,
That was the place where I firſt went to ſea:
Jacket and trowſers there I firſt put on,
And all that ſaw me laugh'd at country John;
There to a friend I gave my country coat,
Took up my bed and went into the boat,
O how I trembled when I left the ſhore,
I never had been in a boat before;
The waves ſo high and dreadful did appear,
The ſea broke in and put me in much fear;
But this reflection made my courage riſe,
And to all dangers then I ſhut my eyes,

There is a God at ſea as well as land,
And I dare truſt myſelf into his hand;
He knows my motive and the way I take:
My life I venture for my brother's ſake,
And by my going this did him prevent,
He ſtaid on ſhore, to ſea he never went.
The boat was ſmall, they bade me lay me down,
I heard them ſay that we ſhould all be drown'd;
I thought my troubles ſoon would all be done,
But ſince I found that they were juſt begun:
I could not ſwim, ſo I had little hope,
At length we reach'd the ſhip, they threw a rope,
Sick and half drown'd, they haul'd me up the ſide;
The ſhip ſhe had beat out to ſea that tide.
When firſt I heard them cry out, *Topſail haul*,
I thought the maſts upon my head would fall;
Tho' ſick and faint, ſome pleaſure I did find,
When we began to ſail before the wind;
It fell leſs wind, more ſmooth along the ſhore,
My fears were fled, my ſickneſs ſoon was o'er:
A pleaſant breeze and a fine moonlight night,
Then I began to whiſtle with delight:
The mate he heard, and ſoon call'd out to me,
You muſt not whiſtle when you are at ſea;
Remember now you are not tending ſheep,
We only whiſtle when the wind's aſleep.
The Portugueſe juſt as much wiſdom ſhew,
When calm, they cry, *Blow, St Antony, blow;*
Much ſuperſtition I have ſeen ſince then,
And ſilly cuſtoms amongſt diff'rent men.
The men look'd out before the mate abaft,
At eight o'clock he call'd, *All hands come aft*,
Then they divided us with quick diſpatch,
Call'd one the larboard, one the ſtarboard watch:

It prov'd my turn in the firſt watch below,
I did go down, to ſleep I could not go:
Diſturb'd by foaming waves and whiſtling wind,
And thinking on the joys I left behind:
Rock'd in my hammock as ſhe rolling goes,
Juſt before twelve I fell into a doze:
Alarm'd when I had nearly fall'n aſleep,
I dream'd that I was ſinking in the deep;
Lord ſave, I cry'd, I am not fit to die—
Juſt then I heard a dreadful midnight cry,
They ſtamp'd on deck which made all ring below,
And one cried out aloud, *Starboard watch, hoa!*
Alarm'd and terrified, it made me jump,
This awful noiſe did ſound like the laſt trump;
My guilty conſcience magnify'd the ſound,
I wak'd rejoicing that I was not drown'd.
Since then how many dangers I've gone through,
I well may wonder I've eſcap'd till now:
I was preſerv'd upon the raging main,
In the Weſt Indies from a hurricane:
I ſaw the goodneſs of the Lord moſt clear,
When in the Juno we diſmaſted were;
The ſhip a wreck, but ſtill ſhe did not ſink,
At ſhort allowance both of meat and drink:
When toſt about for fifteen weeks or more,
At laſt we all but one got ſafe on ſhore.
Again preſerv'd, I ſaw the hand divine,
In the October gale in eighty-nine;
More than a thouſand men were loſt that day,
When in the Friendſhip I was caſt away:
A paſſenger from London I came down,
In Yarmouth roads we lay, to Hull were bound:
Of this large fleet three hundred ſhips or more,
One hundred ſail were loſt or drove on ſhore;

The night was moonlight, weather very fine,
Our women paſſengers were eight or nine,
They ſung us ſongs in which we took delight,
Some play'd at cards till twelve o'clock at night;
And when I went to bed, long muſing lay,
Thinking how to divert them the next day:
Hearing a noiſe before the ſtorm came on,
I wak'd, and all my pleaſing dreams were gone:
In vain I try, for language it muſt fail,
To give account of this deſtructive gale;
At night 'twas calm, quite ſmooth, and ſtill the main,
The morning uſhers in a hurricane:
At four o'clock this dreadful ſtorm did riſe,
An awful darkneſs veils the lofty ſkies,
The waves were foaming, loud the billows roar,
And daſh tremendous on the trembling ſhore;
All hands were call'd, quick on the deck they run,
We ſcarce could muſter ere the gale begun:
Then all employ'd, each to their ſtation go,
Moſt up aloft, but ſome muſt ſtay below:
Our captain drunk, he ſwore and raged hard,
Cry'd, Bear a hand upon the topſail-yard,
To hand main-topſail then we made a ſhift,
But found, when we came down, the ſhip adrift,
When veering out, too raſh the captain ſpoke,
To bring her up, and then the cable broke:
Altho' we let another anchor go,
We drove on board another ſhip we ſaw,
Which ſtruck our quarter, ſtove in all abaft,
Likewiſe companion, broke main boom and gaft;
How to get clear it all our art defies,
We heard the women's dreadful ſhrieks and cries:
We hail'd the other ſhip, they could not hear,
Their captain tried to get his veſſel clear:

He veer'd out cable, this was death to him,
It tore him round the windlas limb from limb:
O what confuſion, terror and diſmay;
Then we got clear and ſheer'd the other way:
Our anchor held and we brought up again,
But 'twas not long that there we could remain:
I went below the paſſengers to cheer,
And juſt had told them that they need not fear,
I heard them cry on deck, Now ſave us, Lord,
Another ſhip is coming ſtraight on board;
I ſtarted up, two women held me faſt,
By uſing force I got away at laſt:
Their frantic looks ſhew'd terror and diſmay:
But looking round I ſaw two children play,
The oldeſt, as he roll'd from ſide to ſide,
Cry'd, Mother, look how finely here I ride:
They ſeem'd to wonder what we had to fear,
The youngeſt cry'd aloud, Mamma, look here:
By tender looks diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
She claſp'd the ſmiling infant to her breaſt,
And as the mother gave the child a kiſs,
The baby liſp'd, Mamma, what noiſe is this?
I thought I ſhould not fear the raging ſeas,
If I was but as innocent as theſe;
I heard a woman calling out to me,
I turn'd, and ſaw the bible on her knee;
Her looks then ſhew'd that ſhe was quite reſign'd,
But other ſouls ſhe bore upon her mind:
Warn them on deck, ſhe ſaid, to be prepar'd,
And pray to God that we may all be ſpar'd;
Then all ſtood waiting our impending fate,
We cut the cable, but it prov'd too late;
Againſt our bow ſhe came with ſuch a ſweep,
Ship and all hands they ſunk into the deep;

Whilſt I ran forward to get our ſhip wore,
..aft they had agreed to run on ſhore,
Afraid of that, becauſe I could not ſwim,
The captain drunk, in vain they call'd on him,
I took the helm, and kept her off the ſhore,
For there I thought the danger it was more:
We ſeem'd each moment ſtill on ruin's brink,
They all ſuppoſed that ſhe ſoon muſt ſink:
Some went to pray'r, and on their knees did fall,
..nd ſome cry'd out that I ſhould drown them all;
.. hove the lead, the mate look'd out before,
.. kept her in three fathoms near the ſhore:
.. breaking o'er us, dark we could not ſee,
..ther ſhips we ran on board of three;
..m'd a miracle that we got clear,
..kept afloat till day light did appear;
.. when the long expected morn aroſe,
..s dreadful ſcene of horror to diſcloſe,
..ry'd, while thouſands view'd us from the ſhore,
Was I ſafe there, I'd go to ſea no more:
I promis'd then, if God would ſpare my life,
To quit my ſin, and lead a better life;
If ſav'd, that I would give to God the praiſe,
And ſerve him truly all my lengthen'd days:
But how ungrateful have I been ſince then,
In that reſpect I've been the worſt of men.
The men cry'd out a-head, they ſaw a wreck,
Five men were floating on a quarter deck,
Driving before the wind, the ſea and tide,
Thus toſt about, ſometimes the ſeas did hide;
Their ſtation dreadful, thundering billows roar,
And what a diſtance from the long'd for ſhore;
No refuge but in God; unleſs he pleaſe,
They muſt be loſt amidſt the raging ſeas.

As o'er the Stamford we our courſe did ſteer,
O what a dreadful ſcene did there appear,
So many wrecks that clear we could not keep,
All round us ſailors ſinking in the deep:
We ſaw on the Homeheads a veſſel lie,
The crew waſh'd from the rigging, ſink, and die.
On Loweſtoffe Point beheld a ſloop on ſhore,
Fell off and fill'd, we ſaw the crew no more:
Another wreck we ſaw in the South road,
They cry'd for help, but none could get on board;
None could aſſiſt them, as no boat could live,
God only then effectual aid could give.
Friends weep for him who on a death-bed lies,
They cannot ſave his life, he faints and dies;
Juſt ſo with them, men view them from the ſhore,
And their hard fate they pity and deplore.
After we had got out through all theſe wrecks,
Then we began to try to ſtop the leaks:
No gaff, or boom, or anchors then we had,
And ſtill we thought our caſe indeed was bad:
Before the wind we ſail'd along the ſhore,
The leaks began to gain upon us more;
The ſhip a wreck, no harbour could we reach,
So all agreed to run her on the beach;
As near to Harwich then we did advance,
Under Red Cliff, we thought it the beſt chance,
We haul'd her in cloſe up to the Pieſand,
The ſea more ſmooth beneath this point of land;
The tide it then was quarter ebb or more;
To ſave our lives we ran the ſhip on ſhore;
On the ebb-tide ſhe heavy ſeas did ſtand,
But at low water we got ſafe to land:
The women almoſt dead while on the main,
On ſhore they all but one reviv'd again.

Can I forget, unto my lateſt breath,
How narrowly I then eſcap'd from death,
When hundreds round me met a wat'ry grave;
O what a grateful heart I ought to have!
When looking on the corpſes that waſh'd on ſhore,
I promis'd to offend my God no more:
But while I mixt with pleaſure-taking crowds,
My goodneſs it was like the morning clouds:
When ſafe on ſhore, I purpos'd there to keep,
Determin'd never more to plough the deep;
To live retir'd, I then a ſcheme had plann'd,
And ſettled quiet down in Weſtmoreland:
There ſafe from buſy crowds, and war's alarms,
Where the pure country ſpreads unclouded charms;
The fertile plains, the lakes, the hills, the trees,
The fancy ſtrike, the eye with rapture ſees:
Struck with ſurpriſe when firſt thoſe ſcenes I ſaw,
It ſeem'd juſt like a paradiſe below.
Looking around with admiration ſtill,
I ſaw a cloud juſt climbing up the hill:
The ſcene ſoon changes as I upward look,
The tops of hills are all ſeen wrapt in ſmook;
As I went up along the mountain ſide,
There a romantic proſpect open'd wide:
But when I came upon the top ſo high,
There I ſeem'd plac'd between the clouds and ſky;
The miſt had drawn a veil o'er herds and flocks,
And nothing could be ſeen but tops of rocks:
I ſeem'd, like Noah, eſcap'd from the deluge,
The ark on ſuch a mountain took refuge;
This ſomething like that awful ſcene did ſhew,
When he look'd down upon the world below:
My mind was lifted up, and like the dove,
I could find nought to reſt on, but above

A rainbow ſhew'd as it began to clear;
A deep abyſs the vale did then appear:
But when the ſun broke out upon the plain,
Then it ſeem'd like a Paradiſe again.
As I ſat there upon the mountain's brow,
And view'd the dales that lay ſo far below,
The awful precipices made me fear
Of haſtily approaching them too near:
Their form in many places is ſo ſteep,
A man would be in danger tho' he creep:
The diſtant mountains riſe prodigious high,
Their pointed tops they ſeem to touch the ſky;
Theſe mountain tops are ſtrew'd with ragged rocks,
With here and there ſome heath and ſcatter'd flocks;
A few ſmall ſheep of an inferior kind,
Not bound by lordſhips, or in fields confin'd;
Nature we ſee is never at a loſs,
For here the ve[illegible] are ſpread with moſs,
As on theſe hills the cultivating hand,
Has done but little to improve the land;
And here the mountains much the ſame appears,
As we preſume, for many hundred years;
And on their ſurface little more is found,
Except moor-fowls and other game abound:
Their produce ſlate, and peat for fuel made,
For which but little more than labour's paid.
But in the dales, altho' ſo deep they run,
As ſometimes nearly to exclude the ſun,
Yet fertile fields, both corn and paſture fair,
We ſee abound in many places there:
In theſe grotoſque receſſes men reſide,
As far from cities as their wealth and pride;
In language, manners, houſes, diet, dreſs,
Originality they all poſſeſs:

Amongſt them true ſimplicity we find,
To ſtrangers always courteous and kind:
Of late they learn refinement with ſuch ſpeed,
Some learn to dance before they learn to read.
Pleaſing ſociety I ſoon did find,
And this romantic country charm'd my mind:
Tho' poor, yet I enjoy'd content and health,
Careleſs of honour, grandeur, fame, or wealth.
But providence did ſoon my plan defeat,
A ſummons brought me out from this retreat;
Hurry'd to London from thoſe ſilent bowers,
By the mail coach, in eight and forty hours,
A witneſs on a trial to attend;
To all my former ſchemes this put an end.
A ſhip I had been mate of brought me forth,
Being inſur'd for more than ſhe was worth,
The captain wiſh'd to run the ſhip on ſhore,
This he attempted ſev'ral times before:
When none of us would to his terms agree,
The rudder he unſhipp'd in the Eaſt Sea;
When we all ſaw the ſcheme that he had plann'd,
The crew aroſe, and gave me the command.
Seeing the danger, all were ſore afraid,
But we a temporary rudder made.
'Twas in November, near Bontholm we lay,
Long ſtormy nights, and ſhort the winter's day:
Tho' toſt about with the ſtrong fur'ous blaſt,
To Copenhagen we got ſafe at laſt:
There the long winter eighty eight we lay,
And were froze up until the third of May;
Tho' far from home, the winter cold ſevere,
Yet glad to find a friendly ſhelter there.
Reluctant from each fond connection torn,
What harſhips on the ocean I have borne,

Tho' oft ſevere, yet they quite light did prove,
To what I ſuffer'd from th' effects of love.
This tender paſſion ſoon an object finds,
And cloſe united by congenial minds.
But ah! before the ſacred knot was ty'd,
Death came and ſnatch'd away my promis'd bride.
When bound to ſea, then home with her I went,
In love and innocence the night we ſpent:
I talk'd of my return, the joys how ſweet,
She wept, and ſaid we never more ſhould meet.
Altho' our parents both of us did blame,
We could not part before the morning came:
I call'd next day to bid a laſt adieu,
And of her charms to take another view;
Her looks ſhew'd kind affection, love ſincere,
I turn'd away to hide the falling tear:
We ſoc'al pleaſures muſt no longer ſhare,
Doom'd to the ſea, the ſhip muſt be my care,
To plow the deep where waves do rage and foam,
Far from my friends, my family and home.
Next news I heard from home when far remote,
And by my brother Henry it was wrote,
Informing me our family were well,
But of her death he ſeem'd quite loth to tell:
At laſt,—Dear brother, now prepare your mind,
For reading that which ſtill is left behind:
When you left home we thought it was not right,
We blam'd you much for ſtopping out all night,
It ſeem'd unkind from us to run away,
That the laſt night at home you would not ſtay,
Miſs Blanchard ſhe more pleaſing was to you,
Her beauty captivating I allow;
None had objections to her for your wife,
Her health and ſtrength were promiſing long life:

All ſhew'd a proſpect fair of worldly bliſs,
But now, alas! how ſoon 'tis come to this:
This night a corpſe, no more her voice is heard,
To-morrow ſhe muſt lie in the church yard:
Where now the joys her beauty could afford!
Dear brother, now prepare to meet thy God.
Tho' for her death I have been often blam'd,
When innocent, why ſhould we be aſham'd?
For many years I far abroad did roam,
Still I remember'd her when I came home;
This all the ſatisfaction I could have,
To drop a ſilent tear upon her grave.
O how the Lord has hedg'd about my way,
And often rob'd my paſſions of their prey;
In love withheld my ev'ry fond delight,
And kindly ſtarv'd my grov'ling appetite:
May all my life ſhew forth his love and praiſe,
For all the mercies of my lengthen'd days.
When I before Lord Kenyon trembling ſtood,
Could I expect that it would work for good?
My friends, my character were all at ſtake,
I ſacrific'd them all for conſcience ſake,
And prov'd this true,—though they are falſely blam'd,
Who ſpeak the truth need never be aſham'd.
Counſellor Erſkine ſaid to me, Take care,
You in the preſence of his lordſhip are:
I ſaid, I ſtand before the Lord I know,
My cauſe is good, I fear no lord below,
Nor do I fear this day the truth to prove,
Both in the ſight of men, and God above.
This was a cauſe that had before been try'd,
But three falſe witneſſes the truth did hide;
Altho' they all again the ſame did ſwear,
By what I ſaid the truth did plain appear;

And I was then promoted on that ground,
They thought an honeſt Yorkſhire man was found,
And, by the underwriters, maſter made,
Of the Jemima in the Liſbon trade:
This proſpect both of pleaſure and much gain,
It tempted me to go to ſea again.
From low degree this trial did me call,
From threſhing in a barn at Hornby Hall.
I ſaw the hand of God that did me raiſe,
But then I did not give to God the praiſe:
Proſperity did ſuch a charm afford,
That I ſoon turn'd away from ſerving God.
A brother call'd upon me twice or thrice,
Reprov'd me freely, gave me good advice;
Tho' captain now, and worth a little pelf,
I know you ſtill, but you forget yourſelf;
I knew you once with weather beaten hair,
The ſhepherds at your powder'd head would ſtare:
At home plain Edward then we did you call,
Don't be too proud, your pride may have a fall.
His words prov'd true, they were not ſpoke in vain,
Plain Edward he has heard me call'd again.
What tho' proſperity ſome pleaſure brings,
Yet how uncertain are all earthly things:
This truth to me hath oft been clearly ſhewn.
Once when I had a veſſel of my own,
Coming from Liſbon lad'n with fruit and wine,
Our paſſage ſhort, the weather very fine;
Paſſing the Cape, acroſs the bay to ſteer,
There we fell in with a French privateer;
Old captain Vining then with us had ſail'd,
And to keep company we had not fail'd:
As they at day-light did with glaſſes look,
Suppos'd that he was Engliſh by the ſmoak;

They paſs'd by us, and ſtraight for him they ſtood,
For he was burning coals, but we burnt wood;
They next pull'd too a Swede, 'twas calm all day,
At night it came a breeze, we got away:
The packet tak'n, by which my letters went,
Which ſav'd inſurance then eighteen per cent.
This news amongſt the merchants welcome ſounds,
Jemima, Anderſon's ſafe in the Downs:
When through the Narrows we had made our way,
And beating up upon the Flats that day,
To gain the Nore that tide we did our beſt,
But it came a hard gale at Weſt North Weſt.
I thought none happier than myſelf that day,
A blaſt of wind ſoon blew it all away:
Thinking next day I ſhould my ſweetheart ſee,
Amongſt my friends how welcome I ſhould be;
The gale came on ſo ſudden and ſo hot,
Sweetheart and friends they ſoon were all forgot.
Be quick, haul up the main-ſail in the brails,
Run down the jib, clue up top-gallant-ſails:
The ſudden ſqual it laid her down ſo low,
To bring her up we let the anchor go:
When no abatement of the gale we found,
And at low water we ſhould be aground,
Night coming on, the danger there to ſhun,
We cut the cable, through the Narrows run,
And anchor'd in the Gore, the buoy is white,
But parted from our cable in the night.
Adrift, no anchors, what was beſt to do,
A cadge and hawſer then we did let go;
When we had drifted far, and near the ſhore,
It caught a rock, and brought us up once more;
Altho' the ſea was high, the ground not clear,
Yet it held faſt till day-light did appear.

Juſt to the Weſt of Margate then we were,
A boat came off, and run us ſafe in there;
They ventur'd off altho' it blew ſo hard,
And got a hundred pounds for their reward.
Tho' death appear'd that night on ev'ry ſide,
A harbour ſafe the Lord did there provide.
Preſerv'd again, I did his goodneſs ſee,
On Chriſtmas eve, the year of ninety-three:
When riding in Torbay, the wind at Weſt,
But it came on a gale at Eaſt North Eaſt:
Tho' ſome their cables cut, their ſails did ſpread,
Yet many could not weather Berry Head:
We drop'd both anchors, we could do no more,
But drove amongſt the breakers near the ſhore:
Altho' ſo near the rocks we rode leſs ſtrain,
There the back water brought us off again:
Juſt before dark two ſhips on ſhore were caſt,
And five or ſix we ſaw without a maſt:
All round us flying ſignals of diſtreſs,
Night coming on, the gale did much increaſe;
The wind we heard it whiſtling in the blocks,
And the high ſurges beating 'gainſt the rocks:
Nothing but death appear'd before our eyes,
A ſhip drove paſt, we heard their dreadful cries;
On rocks to pieces daſh'd, an awful ſight,
Soon all was cover'd by the veil of night:
While men on ſhore their Chriſtmas gambols play,
We ſtood expecting to be caſt away:
Nor mind the wet and cold, tho' 'twas ſevere,
We only thought upon the rocks ſo near:
The wind came ſuddenly about once more,
To the North Eaſt, and that was off the ſhore:
In our behalf, when we were moſt afraid,
We ſaw the goodneſs of the Lord diſplay'd:

We taſte the ſweets of pleaſure after pain,
Joy warm'd my heart, like ſunſhine after rain.
Preſerv'd again, it was the will of Heaven,
From ſinking—in the year of ninety-ſeven.
To Liſbon bound, our convoy the Sea Horſe,
In a hard gale we all the fleet did loſs:
Left in diſtreſs, when we were half ſeas o'er,
Could I expect to ſee my native ſhore:
The leak ſtill gaining, boats waſh'd off the deck,
We threw ſome cargo out to ſtop the leak;
Still it pour'd in, the boats gone over board,
And nothing left to truſt in but the Lord:
We cry'd to him, who then beheld our grief,
And ſoon he ſent a ſhip to our relief.
Dangers alarm the careleſs and ſecure,
To make their calling and election ſure;
For harden'd ſinners, if they never turn,
Muſt in the wrath of God forever burn;
It may be needful to maintain his cauſe,
'Gainſt harden'd rebels who deſpiſe his laws;
By awful judgments, when great numbers die,
It is that others may be warn'd thereby;
And ſometimes vengeance on men's heads is hurl'd,
To awe a thoughtleſs, bold, offending world:
May ſeamen learn from ſhipwrecks, winds and ſtorms,
To fear that God who all his will performs;
That God, whoſe providence marks all our ways,
And at a glance ſurveys our future days.
The beſt concerted ſchemes that men have plan'd,
Prove vain if not ſupported by his hand.
Tho' unto Liſbon I had often run,
Without a convoy ſince the war begun:
When I with convoy 'mongſt the fleet did ſteer,
Then I was taken by a privateer,

Which in diſguiſe ſurpris'd us in the night,
And before day-light run us out of ſight;
And other three into their hands did fall:
Our convoy was the Argo, captain Hall.
When tak'n again, tho' ſore againſt my will,
Then I was forc'd to ſign a ranſom bill;
To ſave myſelf and crew from being drown'd,
Incurr'd a pen'lty of five hundred pound.
They had agreed our ſhip ſhould be reſtor'd,
And had put all their priſoners on board;
Then it fell calm while they did us detain,
And they came back to plunder us again:
The wine and die-wood which was ſtow'd below,
Were taking out, then meant to let us go:
Left without boat or ballaſt we muſt be,
Except I would unto their terms agree;
And this had put our people in ſuch fear,
That two had enter'd in the privateer.
I ſaw the crime, but looking at the cauſe,
My feelings ſtronger were than human laws:
Then they left us a boat, our lives to ſave,
For ballaſt empty water caſks they gave.
One then on board, a witneſs to this ſcene,
Was captain Williamſon of Aberdeen:
When to the Admiralty I did apply,
Then they adviſ'd a counſellor to try:
When I conſulted with Sir William Scot,
He could give no relief, pity'd my lot;
My caſe was hard, but law is ſo exact,
He could find no exception in the act.
" Thoſe troubles oft are ſent to make us wiſe,
" Afflictions oft are bleſſings in diſguiſe;
" And pain we ſee in pity oft is ſent,
" Oft we're chaſtis'd to bring us to repent."

Then I left all my friends, and native ſhore,
Fully determin'd to return no more;
In foreign parts I purpos'd to remain,
But was againſt my will brought back again;
And by an Engliſh man of war was met,
When to America I thought to get.
To country work again I did retire,
And I was picking hops in Herefordſhire:
This pleas'd my mind, my appetite did ſuit,
For I got plenty both of milk and fruit;
And pulling fruit and nuts was my employ,
Till I met with a chimney-ſweeper's boy:
He told a tale, and I believ'd it true,
He ſhew'd the marks of beating, black and blue:
In taking part with him no crime I ſaw,
But yet I fear'd it would not ſtand the law:
His maſter got the note that I had ſent,
And with it to a country juſtice went,
Who ſummon'd me before him the next day,
Inſtead of going there, I went away;
And then again I on the water went,
And in the Severn Trows ſome time I ſpent;
At night oft ty'd our veſſel to the trees,
'Twas ſmoother ſailing far than on the ſeas:
And there I work'd in winter, making ſails,
In ſpring I went to peeling bark in Wales;
I earn'd my living there by ſkinning trees,
And thought to go no more acroſs the ſeas:
But there again my troubles did begin,
Warrant was granted by Sir Watkin Winn,
Inform'd that I had been a Britiſh tar,
I muſt be ſent on board a man of war.
Tho' I was preſs'd, the Lord did me releaſe,
For when in Liverpool, it came a peace.

Like a loſt ſheep, long wandering about,
There the good ſhepherd ſought, and found me out:
'Midſt buſy crowds content to live unknown,
I lov'd my God, but not my God alone.
As in a Dublin trader then I ſail'd,
Tho' I ſhunn'd ſin, temptation oft prevail'd:
I'd left my family for ſev'ral years,
Till one of them in Liverpool appears:
It ſeems that nothing to my heart could reach,
While there I heard my brother Henry preach:
I did not know 'twas him when he begun,
He ſaid the father had another ſon,
This ſon he had in a far country been,
And many ſcenes of hardſhip he had ſeen:
But then he did his ſins and folly mourn,
And ſaid, he to his father would return.
Altho' he did not know to me he ſpoke,
It was apply'd, my heart was almoſt broke:
He preach'd one Sunday at Mount Pleaſant Hill,
I went to hear, but did not know him ſtill:
But as I went on board when he had done,
I heard them ſay his name was Anderſon:
I ſoon found out that it muſt be the ſame,
He came from Kilham, Henry was his name:
To own him then my pride did me prevent,
Conſcience accus'd me, but to ſea I went:
I told this to a friend I went to ſee,
And ſhe was more affected far than me:
Thoughts of a brother made her burſt in tears,
Of whom ſhe had not heard for many years:
When I in her ſuch tenderneſs did ſee,
'Twas then I thought how hard my heart muſt be:
I have a mother and a ſiſter too,
She ſaid, I feel for them, you muſt write now.

By her perſuaded, I could not refrain,
Their friendly anſwers brought me home again:
They all were glad the prodigal to ſee,
And ſome of them rejoiced over me.
In ſin and folly I much time have ſpent,
Theſe twenty years, ſince firſt to ſea I went:
Sometimes I in the paths of virtue trod,
But found I loved pleaſure more than God;
And while my mind was thus on pleaſure bent,
The ſabbath-day was often idly ſpent:
Plays and romances did my ſenſes pleaſe,
And then I thought there was no harm in theſe:
Sailors, beware of this inchanted ground,
'Twas there my deep depravity I found:
The foe within found out my weaker part,
Reaſon gave way, and pleaſure won my heart:
Moſt other worldly pleaſures I had prov'd,
Againſt them ſtood ſuper'or and unmov'd;
'Mong'ſt women nature fail'd, and ſhew'd my heart,
Againſt their charms, this was my weakeſt part.
Shall I diſſemble? No, theſe lines ſincere,
Paint but too glaring, and explain too clear.
In vain amuſements, feaſting, dreſs, and play,
Amongſt the rich I paſs'd my time away:
Of worldly happineſs did idly dream,
Floating along, was driven with the ſtream,
Till God o'er me his chaſt'ning rod did ſhake,
Then I began out of my ſleep to wake:
His goodneſs would not let the captive go,
His love forbade my happineſs below:
My humble muſe glows with a ſacred flame,
While I exalt my great Redeemer's name:
Altho' proud ſinners mock at what I ſay,
Yet will I ſtill the love of God diſplay;

The world's contempt but makes its value riſe
In my eſteem, who all things elſe deſpiſe:
The blood of Chriſt a ſtrong diſſolvent is,
'Tis this the heart can melt, and only this;
His word, his love, and his kind look divine,
Can break the hardeſt heart, for it broke mine.
Preſerv'd from dangers on the land and main,
I live to ſee my native home again:
My friends had long ſuppos'd me dead or drown'd,
But now the dead's alive, the loſt is found.
In vain amuſements now no charms I ſee,
Since I found Chriſt, he's all in all to me.
When on the ſeas I'm toſt about and hurl'd,
My inward peace is more than all the world:
For what are all the joys this world can give,
When fit to die, we're only fit to live.
Now I the works of God can better ſcan,
And better taſte the good deſign'd for man:
When we enjoy that love that caſts out fear,
'Tis only then we can be happy here:
When ſafe at home, ſecure in low degree,
I view the world as I view ſhips at ſea;
Pleaſures of mem'ry through my mind diffuſe,
While fancy entertains my wand'ring muſe;
But while inchanting proſpects here I ſee,
Lord give me grace to lift my heart to thee.

One morn at three o'clock, or little more,
I went from Flambro Dikes to the north ſhore;
The weather fine, 'twas in the month of May,
Viewing thoſe ſcenes, I ſpent a pleaſant day:
And there I ſaw the fiſh-market begun,
Numbers of fiſhing boats on ſhore had run;
Large fiſh they threw in ſcores upon the beach,
Spread on the ſand, and where the waves can't reach;

One values it, if that he cannot get,
He lowers it, the buyer cries out, Hett:
As it is quick diſpatch which they all wiſh,
Another in the boat ſells the ſmall fiſh:
To get ſoon done, who would not think it right,
Who had been out both wet and cold all night.
They but juſt ſpeak, they pay no money down,
I never ſaw bus'neſs diſpatch'd ſo ſoon:
The boats haul'd up, the waves may rage and foam,
Their work is done, the fiſhermen go home:
Some of them are content as heart could wiſh,
They reſt all day, and all the night they fiſh.
I ſaw the fiſh pack'd up, both great and ſmall,
Then went to ſee a cave call'd the Life Hole;
There at the entrance ſtruck with awe and dread,
I ſaw the ragged rocks hang o'er my head;
Trembling I went then, all was dark before,
I heard within the foaming billows roar;
The winding paſſage ſtill was dark as night,
But ſuddenly within appear'd a light.
When from the grave we into glory riſe,
Then we muſt feel agreeable ſurpriſe:
There I felt ſomething ſimilar to this,
Juſt like a proſpect of eternal bliſs:
The light burſt in, and ſoon diſpers'd all dread,
A vaulted arch appeared o'er my head:
Then I ſaw through, as by an open door,
Under my feet ſeem'd a white marble floor:
I felt as into Paradiſe reſtor'd,
I drop'd upon my knees to praiſe the Lord;
The vaulted arch re-echoed the ſound;
This place a palace was tho' under ground;
It ſhews the awful majeſty of God,
Who but juſt ſpoke, and form'd it by a word.

On the cliff top I went when I came out,
And nothing there but thrift grows round about:
What a romantic ſcene beneath it lies,
I ſaw thouſands of birds and heard their cries.
How far I've ſail'd, what countries travell'd o'er,
Since I did ſtand upon this cliff before:
At Buckton I my father's flock did keep,
And I came here after ſome wild Jock ſheep,
Bred on the moors, nor walls nor hedges hold,
Not us'd to be confin'd in fields or fold:
I durſt not follow them ſo near the cliff,
So I went back and left them there adrift.
Not ſo my Saviour, where ſhould I now be,
If the good Shepherd had not follow'd me.
I look'd with wond'ring eyes on ev'ry ſide,
As on a narrow ridge I ſat aſtride;
An hundred fathoms high above the main,
This ſcene it once would quite have turn'd my brain:
While ſitting there, the rocks, the ſea, the birds,
Much contemplation to my mind affords:
Thoſe high and rocky cliffs they ſhelter give,
And birds breed there that on the ocean live:
Tho' from the water they riſe up ſo high,
Yet when they get on land they cannot fly:
Like flying fiſh which I have often met,
They can't fly up but while their wings are wet;
By this unto their element confin'd,
Like all things elſe, anſwer the end deſign'd:
Here parrots, ſcoots, gulls, petrals, make their haunts,
Hawks, pies, and pidgeons, crows, and cormorants;
The rocks below o'er which the tide does flow,
There bait for fiſh, wilks, flithers, covins grow:
We ſee the provident'al plan diſplay'd,
'Tis for the good of man that all are made:

There the ſmooth ſea a pleaſing ſight affords,
Spread o'er with boats and ſhips, and ſwarms of birds.
How many of my ſhipmates now are dead,
Since the firſt time I ſail'd paſt Flambro Head:
When I conſider what I have deſerv'd,
'Tis mercy all that I have been preſerv'd;
Juſt like a pinnacle that here I ſee,
It ſtands alone ſurrounded by the ſea;
The rolling waves a conſtant war does wage,
But yet it ſtill defies their utmoſt rage,
And ſtands to ſhew the power of God deſign'd,
While waves the ſolid cliff has undermin'd.
My mind was ſtill in meditation loſt,
As I went on to view the ſignal poſt;
Likewiſe the cur'ous ſignals that they uſe,
And a high tow'r which once was a light-houſe:
From Burg, a fort, and from this light, a flame,
This anc'ent town at firſt did take its name;
Built by the Danes, their ſtrongeſt fort was here,
Which by the dikes and caſtle does appear:
From hence intrenchments o'er the hills we trace,
This light was kept that ſhips might find the place.
By this high tow'r to know it in the day,
The place they landed was Burlington Bay;
And there whole fleets could ſafe at anchor ride,
Shelter'd by ſands and cliffs from wind and tide.
And here the Daniſh dialect prevails,
More than elſewhere in England, Scotland, Wales:
Git the gene heame, ſteck'd haver leher deer,
Theſe in their common language ſtill appear.
Oft in the night I careful move the lead,
As we our courſe did ſteer paſt Flambro Head;
Thick weather, when afraid to come too nigh,
Then we obſerv'd which way the birds did fly;

When at a diſtance, and no land in ſight,
The birds our pilots, they direct us right.
As I ſail'd paſt one fine and pleaſant day,
When I had been for many years away;
And as I walk'd the deck and plow'd the deep,
Viewing the hills where I oft tended ſheep;
Ready to cry, as by them ſwift we paſt,
Why was my lot upon the ocean caſt?
A proſpect of the caſtle, town, and mill,
I had from off the top of Beacon Hill;
Its anc'ent ſtrength it there my fancy ſtrikes,
The cliffs ſo high, and fortify'd by dikes:
All round the Head I view'd the ocean wide,
Burlington Bay, where ſhips at anchor ride;
Likewiſe the ſhipping lying in Key pier,
The country round delightful did appear.
When to the Weſtward there I turn my eyes,
And on the hills ſee large plantations riſe,
In Holderneſs where ſtagnant waters ſtood,
Now drains are cut, they ſeek their native flood.
There ſhaking bogs were dangerous to paſs,
Where nought but ruſhes grew and ſedgy graſs:
For rotting ſheep thoſe places were well known,
They now are dry, and cloath'd with ſmiling corn:
May they go on to dry each bog and Car,
And leave no ſtagnant pool but Hornſey Mar:
Many go there to fiſh for pleaſure's ſake,
But they muſt always pay for what they take;
When caught, they weigh it at the New Inn door,
The money it is given to the poor.
This lake is two miles long and one mile broad,
And both with fiſh and fowl it is well ſtor'd;
And in the midſt of it an iſland lies,
Where ſea birds breed, for miles you hear their cries:

I went there in a boat one morn in ſpring,
The cries around me made my ears to ring;
Thouſands of birds were flying round my head,
So many neſts that clear I could not tread,
Without breaking their eggs, in vain to ſtrive,
And with young birds the weeds ſeem'd all alive;
The old ones cry'd, Begone, they ſeem'd to ſay,
And flew cloſe at me as I went away;
The ſwans ſo ſtately held their heads ſo high,
They too did hiſs me as I paſs'd them by;
They flapp'd their wings, and at me they did ſtare,
And ſeem'd to ſay, What bus'neſs had you there?
I never ſaw, in countries I've gone o'er,
So many in ſo ſmall a ſpot before.
Since I came home, as I this country view,
The towns, the fields, now ev'ry thing looks new:
The old thatch'd cottages have ta'en their flight,
And new tile'd houſes now appear in ſight;
And for a quiet, warm, and ſnug retreat,
Wold Cottage is allow'd the moſt complete:
Built by a man of literary fame,
And Captain Topham is his comman name.
There art and nature both unite their ſmiles;
This from my mother's houſe is but three miles:
A monument ſtands there for all to view,
Of the moſt cur'ous thing I ever knew:
A ſtone is kept which fell down from above,
And ſerves the wond'rous pow'r of God to prove;
In ninety-five it fell down on the ground,
Length fifteen inches, weight fifty-ſix pound;
It ſunk into the ground and pierc'd a rock,
The people in Woldnewton felt the ſhock:
Two perſons ſaw it when it ſtruck the ground,
And the report was heard for ten miles round:

'Twas ſeen to ſmoke, was hot when firſt it fell,
But where it came from no one yet can tell:
Wond'rous the cauſe, and fruitleſs to enquire,
Our wiſeſt part is humbly to admire:
Beyond all human reaſon to explode,
It ought to teach us all to fear the Lord:
What elſe is worth our care but him to pleaſe,
Who can command ſuch miracles as theſe.

As I look round, my wond'ring eye beholds,
The vaſt improvements on the Yorkſhire Wolds:
On barren hills ſcarce ought but flints and ſtones,
A few ſhort whins, and ſtrew'd with dead ſheep's bones:
On thoſe cold hills now large plantations riſe,
And blooming cinque-foil there delight your eyes:
But when the town of Kilham firſt I ſaw,
The walls were moſtly clay, and thatch'd with ſtraw;
What alterations in a little while!
The houſes now are moſtly brick and tile:
They've built a poor houſe, and a large new mill,
And cut away How, Butt, and Butcher Hill:
Beſides improvements which the town does yield,
We ſee new houſes built about the field;
Half of their ground lay waſte, ſo poor laid down,
They could not get manure ſo far from town;
The farmers likewiſe they get better meat,
They eat no barley now, but live on wheat:
A diff'rent view we ſee at the town end,
Where boys did uſe the geeſe and pigs to tend:
You ſaw the green ſpread o'er with geeſe and feath'rs,
And cattle then confin'd with ſtakes and teth'rs:
The corn deſtroy'd all round the town you ſaw,
And for ſome diſtance nothing left but ſtraw.
Since 'twas incloſ'd, but two and thirty years,
The ground is much improv'd, it now appears:

The ſpringing corn which oft has blaſted been,
By froſty winds, ſo cold, ſo ſharp and keen,
Now ſhelter'd is, no more the ſtorm need dread,
But cheerful lift its little drooping head:
The cattle they no ſhelter then could find,
Except in dales where ſun ſcarce ever ſhin'd:
Screen'd by the trees, now in the ſhade can lay,
On hills find ſhelter in a ſtormy day:
The ſheep that oft were loſt in drifts of ſnow,
Shepherds to find them knew not where to go;
When drifted now, can eaſily be found,
The fences keep them on their owners' ground:
In harveſt when it came a windy day,
The ſheaves and peas-reaps oft were blown away;
Mixt, and againſt ſome balk or hill were blown,
The farmers then they could not know their own;
Some then would take advantage of the reſt,
At ſuch a time the ſtrongeſt man far'd beſt:
This caus'd diſputes which they could not prevent,
Some ſuff'ring loſs, were forc'd to be content;
Neighbour 'gainſt neighbour had perpetual jars,
Town againſt town were conſtantly at wars;
He who ſo raſh as for his friend durſt plead,
Was like to get a blow or broken head;
They ſeldom then did to the lawyer go,
Diſputes were moſtly ſettled by club-law:
Then after church upon the ſabbath-day,
Both old and young would run to foot-ball play:
The only prize they could expect to win,
Was to get broken leg or broken ſhin.
But as to morals, now, by ſaving grace,
The people are improv'd as well as place:
On Sundays now inſtead of foot-ball play,
You ſee them meet together now to pray;

Some for amuſement, that deſpiſe their name,
Yet come to hear, diſturb them, and make game;
Tho' they have gone to ſchool without diſpute,
They're unrefin'd, ſcarce rais'd above the brute:
Altho' the goſpel light ſo clear has ſhin'd,
Yet many ſtill are ignorant and blind:
While ſome unlearn'd and without education,
Have put on Chriſt, are wiſe unto ſalvation:
That man's unlearn'd who never went to ſchool,
To learn of Chriſt how to become a fool:
Our learning all will prove a wild gooſe chace,
Except we come into the ſchool of grace.
May all who ſee his wonders on the deep,
His mercies ſtill in their remembrance keep:
And when on ſhore tell of his wond'rous ways,
And let your joyful ſongs be ſongs of praiſe:
And you who oft did blaſt your eyes and limbs,
Now worſhip God in ſinging pſalms and hymns;
The judgments which you did on others call,
Pray that on your own heads they may not fall:
That you may not be an example made,
Like poor Jack Dimond, in the Iriſh trade:
At Mrs Coogan's, New-Bird Street, he dy'd,
There of the truth you may be ſatisfy'd:
Then many of the neighbours heard his cries,
And heard him blaſt his precious limbs and eyes:
His legs and arms turn'd black and mortify'd,
And he was blind a week before he dy'd;
His eyes were ſwell'd ſo ſhocking to behold,
The ſight it terrify'd both young and old:
All heard his cries that by the houſe did paſs,
His groans were like the braying of an aſs:
This awful judgment happen'd, many know,
In Liverpool but eighteen months ago.

'Tis ſtrange that men, ſo much indulg'd by Heav'n,
To ſwearing ſhould habitually be given:
He who preſerves you on the watery main,
Dare you ſtill take his ſacred name in vain?
Can blaſphemy, which muſt your ſouls o'erwhelm,
Aſſiſt to work the ſhip or guide the helm?
While deeds unmatch'd your dauntleſs courage tell,
Forbear to uſe this dialect of hell:
" Maintain your rank, vulgarity deſpiſe,
" To ſwear is neither brave, polite, nor wiſe."

" They that in ſhips with courage bold,"
Thro' ſtorms and dangers, wet and cold,
At night while landſmen ſleep;
" O'er ſwelling waves their way purſue,"
The mighty works of God they view,
His wonders in the deep.

My Saviour is my pilot wiſe,
Through him my ſoul each ſtorm defies,
This comfort does afford:
I talk with him, the ſinner's friend,
'Midſt raging ſeas and ſtormy wind,
My compaſs is his word.

When in diſtreſs, by faith I ſee
My Saviour walking on the ſea,
Behold him paſſing by;
To ſilence all my grief and fear,
He mildly ſays, " Be of good cheer,
" Be not afraid to die.

" For I have bought thee with my blood,
" 'Tis I who brought thee back to God,
" I am the ſinner's friend:

" 'Tis I can calm the raging wave,
" I, who almighty am to ſave,
" And loves thee to the end."

When far abroad, wand'ring about,
There the good Shepherd found me out,
And brought back the loſt ſheep;
He would not let the captive go,
But by the cords of love did draw,
And ſtill delights to keep.

My parents ſet before my eyes,
The earthly and the heavenly prize,
And ſhew'd the courſe to ſteer;
But I neglected good advice,
Reſolv'd I was at any price,
To have my portion here.

How oft the Lord did call to me,
In dangers both on land and ſea,
And warn'd from ſin to part:
He try'd me with proſperity,
And likewiſe by adverſity,
Theſe did not change my heart.

When fortune ſmil'd, and fill'd my breaſt
With dreams of creature happineſs,
This ſeem'd a pleaſant road;
More I enjoy'd of worldly wealth,
Of friends, of pleaſure, and of health,
The more I ran from God.

I oft repented when alone,
But by companions hurry'd on,
Was driven with the ſtream;

Till God his chaſt'ning rod did ſhake,
Afflictions caus'd me to awake
Out of this golden dream.

Then death it ſtar'd me in the face,
I thought that hell muſt be my place,
I was not fit to die;
I promis'd if my life was ſpar'd,
That I ſhould ſtrive to be prepar'd,
And from temptation fly.

In my own ſtrength in vain I ſtrove,
But wanting power from above,
I could not conquer ſin;
Tho' outwardly I did it ſhun,
Yet from myſelf I could not run,
I felt it dwell within.

No happineſs I then could find,
But horrid thoughts poſſeſs'd my mind,
Which brought me near deſpair:
I read the bible, try'd to pray,
But ſtill was fearful all the way,
God would not hear my pray'r.

For then I thought it was too late;
That I muſt be a reprobate,
And into hell be caſt:
My ſins all ſtar'd me in the face,
Said, I deſerv'd no other place,
My day of grace was paſt.

How clear the love of God did ſhew,
Led by a way I did not know,
Where he deſign'd to bleſs;

Tho' long I felt the want of grace,
Then Jeſus ſhew'd his ſmiling face,
And to my ſoul ſpoke peace.

I go to ſea at his command,
And tell when I come on the land,
The wonders of his love;
Now ſafe in Chriſt the ark I ſail,
I know his promiſe will not fail,
But land me ſafe above.

When from the yard I ſaw a ſhip-mate fall,
Then I look'd up, and on the Lord did call;
Thou know'ſt how oft I have forgotten thee,
But, Heav'nly Father, now remember me.
I thank the Lord my cries were not in vain,
Once more I ſee my native land again:
My friends they hear our ſhip is come in ſight,
The ſignals hoiſt, they view it with delight:
Rejoice that ſoon we ſhall each other ſee,
For they have oft been looking out for me.
What gratitude I feel to Heav'n above;
Once more I ſhall embrace the friends I love:
My pulſe beats high, the town appears in view,
I feel a pleaſure landſmen never knew.
Help me to paint, let genius guide the tool,
While I a picture draw of Liverpool;
Proſpective muſe, attend my willing hands,
To ſhew the beauties that this view commands:—
Here riſe the noble buildings, great and ſmall,
The 'Change and Churches overlook them all:
The ſmoke in columns riſes in the wind,
Darkens the air, and leaves a veil behind;
Riſing from forges and from fact'ries new;
The wind-mills on the hills next ſtrike your view;

As tho' they made the people's wants their own,
Keep turning round their wings to grind them corn.
When on the ſhipping here we caſt our eyes,
We ſee 'midſt buildings woods of maſts ariſe;
Likewiſe the ſhips that in the river lie,
And boats acroſs it as they conſtant ply:
When on the ocean we begin to look,
The river then looks like a little brook:
We ſee the ſhipping coming in from far,
And others going out, prepar'd for war.
As on the ſea my eyes are fixed ſtill,
A flag is hoiſt on top of Bidſtone Hill;
A ſignal for a ſhip that's homeward bound,
She proves a prize worth twenty thouſand pound:
The bells they ring, the ſhip ſhe comes in ſight,
And crouds of people view her with delight.
My brother ſailors all who ſhare this prize,
Spend not like fools, nor good advice deſpiſe;
Nor idly ſquander round the tavern fires,
The money your own family requires:
At home you may have a domeſtic feaſt,
But don't get drunk and make yourſelf a beaſt:
Behold the man addicted to this crime,
What loſs ſuſtains of health, wealth, peace and time;
How far beneath the brute, how baſe his fall,
You would not think him rational at all.
Through drunkenneſs what horrid ſcenes appears:
When I was in the Dublin Volunteers,
Rebels broke through divine and human laws,
And moſt allow that whiſky was the cauſe:
Intoxicated numbers then did fall,
Many for mercy had not time to call;
Some were blaſpheming with their lateſt breath:
The Lord preſerve us all from ſuch a death!

Some, when abroad, diſgrace the Britiſh name,—
A drunken Engliſh ſeaman, what a ſhame!
Whoſe character's ſo far above the reſt,
Yet they when drunk are ev'ry body's jeſt.
Now by a brother ſailor be advis'd,
Riſe from your fall, and be no more deſpis'd:
You who have gain'd your country ſo much fame,
That all the world may ſtill reſpect the name:
For Britiſh ſeamen that have ſober prov'd,
In foreign parts are much eſteem'd and lov'd:
When juſt come home, and free from care and ſtrife,
I ſee a ſailor and his loving wife;
To ſee a child ſit ſmiling on his knee,
This always was a pleaſing ſight to me:
Delightful ſcene, when two congenial minds,
Whom nature pairs, and lawful marriage binds;
When kind affection feeds the kindled flame,
And friendſhip yields but to a dearer name:
Their fair example muſt at once inſpire
A wiſh to copy what all muſt admire.
Go not 'mongſt harlots, ſhun the fatal ſnare,
Flee from thoſe ſtews infectious, come not there;
Nor wound your bodies, nor your ſouls debaſe,
Nor riſk damnation for a ſnatch'd embrace.
A Captain S——t, that I knew right well,
Who left his wife, and went to a brothel;
Next day his body was a ſhocking ſight,
Half of it burnt; the houſe took fire that night:
This is a fact well known at Billingſgate,
His brother there could prove what I relate.
Debauchery has ſuch a frightful mien,
That to be hated, needs but to be ſeen.
Low and indelicate muſt be their taſte,
Who in brothels their time and money waſte:

Deaf to thoſe nobler paſſions whence proceed
The lib'ral ſentiment and gen'rous deed:
For women higher let your love aſpire,
Beyond the bounds of brutal, baſe deſire:
Friendſhip and love are pleaſures more refin'd,
To thoſe who taſte the banquet of the mind.
Attho' with women I have ſpent much time,
A broken vow was never yet my crime:
That man who breaks his vows, and proves unkind,
He never can enjoy true peace of mind:
That man who tries to gain the female heart,
Then fails, and plays the worthleſs trifler's part;
Does firſt their kindneſs and affection prove,
And then deſpiſes all he ought to love;
Boaſting their weakneſs then his ſtrength to ſhew,
In mercy ſpare the baſe unmanly blow:
Who robs a woman of her peace of mind,
Should be deſpiſed by all female kind:
O that each heart that female charms allure,
Were honeſt, gen'rous, undiſguis'd, and pure:
Ye ſailors don't deceive the innocent,
Nor talk of love without a pure intent:
But ſhun thoſe jilts who bear as fair a name,
Yet try all arts your paſſions to inflame:
Forbear to toy, or glance, or wiſhful gaze,
Beneath the lawn that on the boſom plays:
Fine dreſs and wanton geſtures they diſplay,
For which they make ſome fooliſh ſailors pay;
Perſuade to treat them both to play and ball,
Sailors are gen'rous, they muſt pay for all:
Your money is their object all the while,
Until its ſpent, deceive you with a ſmile;
But then deſpiſe the men by which they live:
Avoid them then, 'tis nobler far to give.

Let others take their girls and ſlowing bowls,
But let them ſee that you have nobler ſouls;
Let gratitude to God by works diſplay
The obligations under which you lay:
And let the poor and wretched ſhare a part,
Shew that a ſeaman has a feeling heart:
Conſider thoſe who are oblig'd to beg,
Inſtead of gold have got a wooden leg;
Condemn'd to ſuffer ſcorn, neglect, diſgrace,
Remember that it might have been your caſe:
They too for fortune's favours once did look,
But ſhe has jilted them and quite forſook:
The only favour ſhe beſtow'd was this,—
Marry'd them to her eldeſt daughter Miſs.
To riches happineſs is not confin'd,
For they can never eaſe a troubled mind:
When the world ſmiles on us the moſt of all,
We are in danger of the greateſt fall:
The poor it ſeems are in the ſafeſt place,
But rich or poor may all be rich in grace.

We ſee a Guinea ſhip come round the rock,
The people run to ſee her come in dock;
The anchor gone, ſhe ſwings at the pier-head,
Some perſon hails, and aſks how many's dead?
Of what went out, 'tis awful to reflect,
If half come back, they don't much more expect.
While looking round for faces that he knew,
The ſhip-keeper oft finds but very few:
O what a fatal thing this Guinea trade,
How many die, how few are ſailors made:
Can Chriſt'ans join in ſuch a trade as this!
'Tis not the way to gain eternal bliſs:
The cruelties which they commit on board,
Will come to light when all ſhall be reſtor'd;

Of theſe poor negroes they again may hear,
When at the day of judgment all appear:
For worldly riches men their ſouls have ſold,
Barter'd eternal life for curſed gold.
Yes they may love their pleaſures and their pelf,
But can they love their neighbour as their ſelf:
Too hard for them, therefore they never try,
To do to all as they would be done by.
Who deal in ſlaves, they muſt have hearts like ſteel,
All tender hearts for ſuff'ring negroes feel.
Ye Britons who of liberty can boaſt,
Are you become ſlave-merchants on the coaſt?
You who for liberty ſo boldly ſtand,
Shall this black traffic ſtill diſgrace your land?
All Engliſhmen who have a ſenſe of ſhame,
Muſt feel indignant at the very name.
O may I always, while I hold my pen,
Feel for poor negroes as my fellow men;
I've ſeen their ſuff'rings, and ſhould I be dumb,
I might be puniſh'd in a world to come:
Leaving this trade which is ſuch a diſgrace,
Again I view the beauties of the place.—
Mount Pleaſant Hill does a fine proſpect ſhew,
There I can calmly view the town below:
Moſt men are buſy how to get or ſpend,
Few of them think upon their latter end;
Some merchants they no leiſure time can find,
But make excuſe, they muſt their bus'neſs mind;
For news-room they neglect the church, and ſhow
Their mind is fix'd upon the things below:
And on a Sunday, if the day is fine,
Then they muſt in the country go to dine:
The tradeſman likewiſe, he himſelf can clear,
He can't get time, for he's a volunteer;

On Sundays he muſt learn his exerciſe,
He can't get time to ſeek the heav'nly prize:
Death to this anſwer no reſpect will ſhow,
I can't get time, I'm buſy here below.
The worldly-minded ſtudy to get rich,
And love of pleaſure many does bewitch:
Amongſt the reſt, at this vaſt buſy place,
A few are found who run the heav'nly race:
Some happy ſouls are in this town, who prove,
That their new hearts are fix'd on things above:
Some who were ſlaves to ſin, but now, behold,
They grow in grace as they in years grow old:
Ah, what a change! the ſinner now relents,
And of his ſins ſincerely he repents:
All ſtand aſtoniſh'd when they do him view,
Is this the man, they ſay, that once we knew?
"The man that once ſang madly, danc'd and laugh'd,
"And drunk in dizzy madneſs with his draught,
"Has wept a ſilent flood, revers'd his ways,
"Is ſober, chaſte, benevolent, and prays:"
He knows that Jeſus bought him with his blood,
And bold he ſtands confeſs'd a child of God.
Such ſtriking wonders of redeeming grace,
Have many times been witneſs'd in this place.

An ELEGY, *written on the Death of the Author's Father.*

ALTHO' this theme may not give much delight,
A ſubject great engages me to write:
A father dear, late taken from the earth,
Whoſe ſenſes all are now lock'd up in death:
We all lament his death, and drop a tear,
His wife and children whom he lov'd ſo dear:
Some will remember to their dying day,
With what reluctancy they came away,

From yonder ſpot where now his body lies,
With ſolemn ſteps, and with heart-rending cries;
O what emotions muſt this ſcene create,
In her who was with him moſt intimate;
Peculiar is her loſs, while thus ſhe cries,—
Not one but me ſays, There my huſband lies!
His children next, with tender hearts and young,
They join together in a mournful ſong;
They mix their tears with ſoothing ſympathies,
There not a ſtranger but a father lies.
They cannot ſoon forget this ſolemn hour,
But time theſe ſtrong impreſſions does devour:
May this occaſion ſpeak to ev'ry heart,
Prepare yourſelves, you likewiſe muſt depart;
Depart forever from this mortal life,
Your deareſt friendſhips, children, father, wife.
Let all attend this leſſon to improve,
And learn their ſtate before they hence remove;
And wiſdom gain from ſickneſs, death, the grave,
And fly to Jeſus' blood, their ſouls to ſave;
They who believe in him, altho' they die,
Forever reign enthron'd above the ſky.

For ſev'nty-three revolving tedious years,
My father ſojourn'd in this vale of tears;
His toil and care to farming was apply'd,
In which ſimplicity he liv'd and dy'd:
Bleſs'd with a num'rous offspring, his delight,
Of females two, of males the number eight:
The eldeſt firſt abandon'd huſbandry,
Reſolv'd to try his fortune on the ſea;
He now commands a ſhip upon the main,
Has often traded into France and Spain:
And out of Hull has many voyages made,
Had the Britannia in the Hambro' trade.

The ſecond was employ'd in tending ſheep,
But at eighteen he went to plow the deep;
And out of London many voyages made,
Had the Jemima in the Liſbon trade.
The third left home, but with a diff'rent view,
And other motives led him to purſue;
To ſeek the ſouls of men by error led,
Point to that blood which for their ſins was ſhed;
Tells them, like Weſley, Chriſt is all they want,
Now he's a preacher, an itinerant.
The fourth left home, but till'd the ground the ſame,
He follow'd culture by another name:
In gardening employ'd, as the firſt man,
And Adam's work his genius did ſcan:
He join'd the Methodiſts, took their advice,
And from his garden looks to Paradiſe.
The fifth a farmer bred, he ſtay'd at home,
Had no cur'oſity abroad to roam.
The ſixth ſhe has for Jeſus all reſign'd,
And to ſerve God her heart is yet inclin'd.
The ſeventh, when young at home he would not ſtay,
Pride and ambition led his mind away:
Through perils great, his country's cauſe to ſerve,
Owes all to God who did his life preſerve
From raging ſeas, and dangers greater far;
He now is maſter of a man of war;
He guides a ſhip, how wicked who can tell?
By ſome compared to a floating hell:
We ſee that where temptations moſt abound,
The more extremely wicked men are found;
But where temptations may not be ſo great,
By nature all are in a loſt eſtate:
The ancient promiſe which old Adam view'd,
Was made to all his race, in Chriſt renew'd;

Thoſe therefore are the objects of his love,
He dy'd, aroſe, and reigns for them above;
His blood to plead, his bleſſing to impart,
And to reveal himſelf in ev'ry heart:
Some of them fear the Lord, ſupport his cauſe,
And ſhew they have reſpect to all his laws;
They often on the word of God attend,
And gladly hearken to the ſinner's friend;
And wonder at his condeſcending grace,
In acts of mercy to the human race.
The eighth ſhe is to reading much inclin'd,
And by that means has much improv'd her mind.
Ninth for a Liſbon merchant was deſign'd,
There his high ſpirit could not be confin'd:
It ſeems he brav'd all dangers without fear,
When captain of the Lion, privateer.
The tenth a farmer was deſign'd to be,
But ſince his father dy'd he went to ſea.
Theſe were his offspring, whom he dearly lov'd,
And a kind father to them all he prov'd;
He gave no cauſe for any to ſuſpect,
That to another he ſhew'd more reſpect;
His care and tenderneſs for all was ſuch,
The danger lay in loving them too much.
Through many dangers ſome of them have gone,
He never had the loſs of one to mourn:
In all their minds the pow'rs of reaſon ſhone,
And well proportion'd all their bodies grown:
Whenever he upon them caſt his eye,
Twas cauſe of gratitude to the Moſt High:
Now he is gone, and we are left behind,
To be a curſe or bleſſing to mankind;
To fill up ſtations both by ſea and land,
To be ſubordinate, or give command:

To rear up families, which far may ſpread
The name of Anderſon, when we are dead.
If juſtice; mercy, and a humble heart,
We moſt eſteem, and chuſe the better part;
Then to the world our faith will prove divine,
And many hearts we may to truth incline.
If with the greateſt privileges bleſt,
We in a ſtate of careleſſneſs do reſt,
Then God will make his judgments dreadful ſhine,
Reſent his injur'd rights of love divine.
Our father gone,—who next by death may fall
A ſacrifice, precar'ous is to all;
We therefore ſhould each one this queſtion try,
Upon our hearts, and ſay, Lord, is it I?
Tho' of the family elev'n there be,
Not one may reach the age of ſev'nty-three:
We all the debt of nature ſoon muſt pay,
We ſhould begin while it is call'd to-day;
And if we wiſe unto ſalvation be,
From guilt and ſin we all may be ſet free:
Death with his ſting ſhall loſe its pointed dart,
And glor'ous proſpects gladden ev'ry heart:
Of faith poſſeſs'd in the Redeemer's blood,
Our bodies made a temple, meet for God;
Our commerce with the world we then may drop,
And lay our bodies down in cheerful hope,
That one day he will raiſe them from the dead,
And make them like to Chriſt our living Head;
The ſubject of our happy theme ſhall be,—
Redeeming love, to all eternity.

FINIS.

MUSEUM

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